Learn to Lye Warm,

OR,

An Apology for that Proverb

Tis good Sheltring under an old Hedge;

CONTAINING

REASONS,

Wherefore a Young Man ſhould Marry an Old Woman.

Written in a Letter to K. D. *By the Command of a perſon of Honour.*

LONDON,
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[1]

An Apology

For that PROVERB,

'Tis good ſheltring under an old Hedge.

DEar ſir, I received yours, dated the 10*th.* of this inſtant, made rich with the Ellegant expreſſions of your Kindneſs, with which you are wont to fraught your Letters and load your Friends. Were I not well acquainted with the exceeding humanity, and curteſie of your Nature, which renders oppertunities of vending your deareſt Love, more acceptable to you, than the moſt advantagious Bargains; it would be a Paradox to me, that ſo wiſe a perſon as your ſelf, ſhould adventure ſo choice and precious commodities, as the Flowers and Ornaments of your Rhetorick (choice to all but to you that diſ-

pence them) to me; who am likely to prove ſo bad a Factor, as to make you little or no return, not out of the pravity of my will, but the imbecility of my power, which renders not only my abilities to perform ſmall, but my ſtock of Oratory low; ſo that I ſhould ſooner break, than return you ſo much as the principal in your own Coyn.

Truly ſir, the former verbal expreſſions of your Love, have had ſo much of the power of perſwaſion in them, that when I compared them with the honeſty of your principles, your upright converſation, and the ſincerity of your dealings; I have been ready, not only to give applauſe to your councel, with a thouſand thanks to boot, and alſo to ſubſcribe an *AMEN* to your concluſions; (a Character as Divines tells us, both of faith and good will) but on the other ſide, they have had ſo much of the ſmoothneſs of Oratory (the delicacy of Courtſhip) in them; that when I had pondered with my ſelf, that they come in a garb not reſembling plain and honeſt-dealing, and had compared them to my ſmall merits (with which they have born no manner of proportion) I could not receive them otherwiſe than as the ſuperaboundancy of your dear Affections and good will to me, naturally flowing from the Fountain of that zeal, which wiſhes as well to your neighbour as to your ſelf; wherein I muſt acknowledge my ſelf obleiged to you, more than in the ſuparlative degree; and conceit that your overflowing ſtile proceeds more from the volability of your tongue, and ſweet Rhetorical acquirements, than from any intention of Flattery. Yet I muſt confeſs as it is an arrogancy in me to cenſure your intentions; ſo I ſhould blame my ſelf of too much credulity, to let the loftineſs of your

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ſtile perſwade, that the reallity of your love is ſo exceſſive towards me, as your pleaſant and ſmooth expreſſions would ſeem to denote; when all the world knows, there is not any thing in me, capable of deſerving ſo much as a ſingle favour, much leſs the ardency of an affection from you.

But now my dear friend, this laſt of yours hath ended the controverſy, and fixed the liberality of my judgement: and now I am really perſwaded, that I am as rich in your love as I am poor in merit: for ſtrangers, nay enemies may be extravigant in verball expreſſions, but none who is not a real friend can be ſo much concerned for the welfare and happineſs of another, as I am very ſure you are for mine. And truly ſir, as I account your concernments, an auſpicious augury of my future profperity; ſo I cannot but eſteem them as unqueſtionable arguments of the certainty and durability of your friendſhip. And I am convinced now, that the reaſon of all my doubts heretofore, hath been, becauſe I proceeded to concluſions upon fallacious premiſes; for I (having experience of the greatneſs of your wiſdome) preſumed that the act of love in you, muſt neceſſarily preſuppoſe a caſual merit in me: whereas, I ought not to have doubted the truth of what you have ſaid, having for that the authority of an αὐτὸς ἔφη, and having ſearched my ſhallow ſelf, for a reaſon of your love, but finding none; I ought to have reflected upon you, where I ſhould have found a goodneſs like that in God Almighty: whoſe mercies are not attracted from him by any deſert in the creature; but ejected out of him, by that exuberant goodneſs and charity, which is in his Eſſence. And it is the real bleſſing of my felicity, that

your

your affections (to me) thus flow from you: for were they grounded upon any deserving of mine, they would ebb and flow, according to the Spring and Fall of the ignorance and miscarriages of my Life; which being many, would certainly infinitely diminish the streames of that pure Fountain (at least trouble and muddy them) from whence your unmeasurable kindness flows.

And now dear sir, since I embrace you for a real friend, I cannot but entertain you in my humble Tabernacle (the retiring room) of my soul; the habitation of an honest and loving heart; and reveal the truth to you, of that whereof you have heard a rumor: wherein I will endeavour to make evident my earnest desire, of giving you what satisfaction I can, concerning my proceedings in that matter of which you wrote to me: wherein I humbly conceive you are more than ordinarily concerned for me. But the truth is, (as you have been informed) my intention is to marry an Old Woman; one indeed, who compared to me may be termed something Antient; having enjoyed the light of the Sun, almost twenty years before I was born: yet such an one she is, as hath no other mark of her age, but her incomparable discretion, mixed with much experience, which renders her so admirable and excellent, that antiquity shall never be able to make her despicable. She looks not like the ruines of *Persepolis*, by which it may be onely guessed, there was once a beautiful fabrick: But my dearest Lady, looks as if she had grown in *Adonis* Gardens, where the flowers flourish in perpetual verdure; or rather, like the shoulder of *Pelops*, translated into supple Ivory; Or like a Nymph, sprung out of *Æsons* Bath, rallying up the scattered Forts of her Beauties; which although

although they may not be ſo ſplendid and glorious, as they were in her primitive luſtre, in the ſpring and flower of her age, ſo there would be but little need of their help, to conquer a heart like mine; which (I ſpeak it with modeſty) is more eaſily won by a Treaty, than conquered by Aſſault or Stratagem: If I have ſpoken too haughtily, or ſoared above my Sphear or Orb, you are my abettor herein: for in your Letter, you are pleaſed to attribute ſo much to my diſcretion, that you doubt not of the ſtrength of thoſe reaſons, which engage my mind in this deſign; which (to you) ſeems to be againſt the laws both of *Nature* and *Reaſon*.

Truly ſir, (as far as I have learn'd this little ſelf of mine,) I may pronounce thus much of it (with ſubmiſſion to your more Learned cenſure) that it would be no eaſie matter to bribe my will to an enterpriſe, in the leaſt oppoſite or contradictory, to thoſe two pillers of *Law*: the one whereof (*Nature*) hath an obligation upon me, as I am a creature; and the other (*Reaſon*) as I am a man: But if the thing be lawful and honeſt in it ſelf, collateral conſiderations are the things which attract and whet our appetite. The lawfulneſs of a thing, is not that which makes it the object of our love or deſire, but the profitableneſs or pleaſure of it. And if the Laws of *Nature* and *Reaſon*, will but permit me to follow the courſe of my own inclinations, I am ſure they will want no inducements to perſwade me: But ſince you are pleas'd to affoard them a faith, I ſhall not trouble both you and my ſelf ſo far as to recount them, the enumeration of which would ſwell this conciſe Epiſtle into a large Volumne: But I ſhall en-

deavour to prove as plainly as I can, and as generally too; that for me to marry her, who hath ſo much the advantage of me in years, is neither againſt the Lawes of *Nature* nor *Reaſon*.

Firſt, *That it is not againſt* Nature, *I ſhall prove as follows*. 1. The firſt natural end of Marriage is, *procreatio prolis*, the preſervation of our Species, and this is a natural obligation which engages a man to cleave to a married life; and ſince the object I have choſen, yet lyes within the bounds of the end propoſed, I know no reaſon why I ſhould be blamed in this my choice, having a ſober woman, wiſe and diſcreet, not ſubject upon every turn, to fancy new objects, or follow the fooliſh Ideas of youthful inconveniencies. And this firſt natural end is alſo *Conſervatio domûs*, by which we live in our Poſterity, and convey our names and ſpirit to after ages. If you object a danger of the end, by reaſon of her age, I think in this your fear is without cauſe, ſince ſhe is not paſt thoſe years in which women even commonly have children: But if I ſhould fail in this, to whom ſhould I impute this cauſe? to your ſuppoſed inequality of the match, or to the good will and pleaſure of God? How many is there which (being young) equal in years miſſes of this end? I hope here you can not impute the cauſe to their great antiquity, where nothing is wanting, but the good will of him who is able to do what he pleaſes: And ſo I ſay *Paul* may Plant, and *Apollo* may water, but it is God who muſt give the encreaſe 2. The ſecond natural end is *Conſervatio ſanitatis*, the prevention of Diſeaſes; by which the body is kept in an healthful eſtate, through the abſtraction of that, which would not only diſturb the body, but

alſo

alſo defile the mind: from whence would come a confuſion of the natural compoſure; with a grand diſturbance of that excellent conſtitution of the Microcoſme; by which the creature would be drawn to unlawful courſes, oppoſite both to the limitation of nature, and Commands of God. Luſt detained, cauſes the body to languiſh, in an apprehenſion of the ſweets of its delight; by which the inward parts either conſumes or are corrupted; from whence comes at laſt a diſſolution of the whole frame, not only before its time, but alſo againſt nature, whereby (in a ſence) man becomes his own murtherer: Or otherwiſe, it breaks forth into a flame, like the ragings of a violent fire, conſuming all it comes near, acting its rapes and inſolencies upon every object, bringing deſtruction to the ſubject upon which it acts, as well as to its ſelf; Thus Nature is ſubjected to its adverſary, and the law of God violated. But contrarywiſe, when the will is at liberty, and the reins are let looſe to the Luſt; there is as it were a gradual and almoſt inſenſible going on to deſtruction; unſpeakeable miſeries ſteal on, with a ſilent foot: for there is not only danger of hurt to the Body, conſumption of Eſtate, loſs of good Name; but alſo an eternal reward and recompence of wrath, under the fury and indignation of the Almighty for ever; In regard there is not only the acting of ſin, once, twice, or more; but a continuation in the ſame, with a certain kind of Love and delight therein, being paſt feeling, having a conſcience ſeared, and without hope of remorſe. Now ſince this end is the prevention of much evil, and that I may have it full as well anſwered in this object which I have choſen, as in another; with-

out the force of greater arguments againſt it, I ſhall be ſubject, to cleave much faſter to my former principles than ever I did before. 3. The third natural end of Marriage is, *Conſolatio Vitæ*, the mutual ſociety, and comfortable enjoyment of each other: For the great Architect and compoſer of man, after he had fitted all other Creatures with agreeable companions, conſidered that *Adam* only (being a ſociable creature too) was ſolitary, and thereupon wanted an addition to his felicity, though he enjoyed a Paradiſe. Thus wiſe nature, (that is *Natura Naturans*) intended man ſo much happineſs as to have a yoke fellow, to lighten the burthen of his afflictions, and encreaſe the comfort of his joy, by ſharing in both: And this advantage of mutual love and ſociety, *viz.* the diminution of ſorrow, and augmentation of happineſs, ariſeth from the conſolations of love, and fruition of its increaſe. Now I ſhall ſhew you that my intended marriage may ſatisfy all theſe ends; though you muſt give me leave to obſerve, that I could take a ſhorter way to confute you, and prove my intentions in this matter agreeable to the *Laws* both of *Nature* and *Reaſon*, by a medium which you have granted me already: for if it would anſwer any of theſe ends of Nature, or were juſtyfiable upon a rational account, it were juſtifiable by the *law* of *Nature*: for the law of *Nature* in man is the fountain of *Reaſon*, and ſo your --- diſtinction would be deſtroyed; for man doth by nature *intendere finem*, and not *tendere in finem*: he is to look before he leaps, and not to get up and ride at all adventures, as thoſe irrationals do, which chalenge for a Valentine, the firſt they meet in the vain of their formalities,

ties. And that natural reaſon, which prompts us to reſpect the proportion of years, will light us alſo to conſider, all other conveniencies in point of prudence, with which you are pleaſed to Complement your poor friend: And truly, in this concern, I can eaſily demonſtrate, there is enough to comterballance all the inconveniencies that can reſult from the diſproportion of years that is between us: 'Twas excellently ſpoken of the Learned *Howel* when he ſaid.

Though the Caſtalian *dames (and all the reſt*
Of women kind) love youthful ſpirits beſt,
Yet I have known them oftentimes inſpire
Autumnal brains with heats of Enthean *fire:*
Nay, 'tis obſerv'd in thoſe whom Phœbus *loves,*
The more the ſence impairs, the ſoul improves.

So that being juſtified in point of pollicy, it is agreeable to the laws of *Nature*, but my deſign is rather to ſatisfy you, as a Friend, than to confute you as a Diſputant: And therefore I ſhall avoid whatſoever may but ſeem to ſmell of Sophiſtry; and take your words in your own meaning as near as I can.

Now by your diſtinction, I conceive your meaning is, to abſtract the rational faculty of the Soul (which is proper to man) from the ſenſitive faculty which is the ſame both in Man and Beaſt. And when you ſpeak of the law of *Nature*, you mean that blind inſtinct of *natural ſence*, whereby we follow the conduct of our ſenſitive appetites. And thus I ſhall labour to prove my propoſed intentions agreeable to the Laws of *Nature*, inaſmuch as they will ſatisfy thoſe natural ends which we propoſe to our ſelves therein: For where

there is a ſignal ſympathy, there muſt of neceſſity be a certain agreement; and if in this caſe you abſtract reaſon from ſence, (as I ſuppoſe you do) you will find your ſelf much the loſer. For take away reaſon, (ſince there is a true ſympathy in all like natural things) that inclination of nature by mutual attraction; would ſtrive to cleave to that which is neareſt it, without any conſideration of age, forme, or any other conveniency; from whence how groſs a product would ariſe, I ſhall leave to others to judge: if then that be lawful, which agrees with nature, or the law of nature in this ſence, what a Monſtre ſhall we make of that, which you would ſo fain have to be a guide; and to whom you would have us offer ſuch ſubjection and obedience, as not in the leaſt to decline her dictates. Would not this be meer ſenſuality it ſelf, and might I not account it with St. *Iames*, Earthly and Devilliſh? yet miſtake me not, by all this I contend not againſt nature, nor yet her law: you would have done well to have told plainly what nature you meant, and to have made ſuch a diſtinction, that it might have been clear to my underſtanding. There is a corrupt and earthly nature which is from below and is devilliſh: And there is an incorruptible and divine nature, which is from above, and is heavenly: by the firſt, man acts and brings forth evil, the ground of all our ſorrow and wo: By the other, we act and bring forth good, the ground and foundation of all our comfort and happineſs which is life eternal: and without doubt this is that nature, by which the Gentiles which knew not the law, did the things contained in the law, and by which they became a law unto themſelves. Now if this

this latter be that nature, whoſe law you would have me to ſubject my ſelf unto, (conſidred abſtractly without man's corrupted and depraved reaſon) I ſhall eaſily accord with you; and to make it my buſineſs, to prove my preſent deſigne as fully and really agreeable thereto, as one and the ſame thing is agreeable to it ſelf. Now to ſhew how far the three aforeſaid ends of marriage are anſwred in this of mine, as having relation to this divine nature, is a thing of no difficulty: the firſt is as I ſaid before *Preſervatio Prolis*, the preſervation of our ofſpring, which how agreeable it is to the minde of the divine being, I need ſignify no more, than what was ſpoke to our firſt parents, *Encreaſe and Multiply*. Thus having proved this end agreeable to that law which you plead for, it remaines to ſhew how it is anſwred in the object I have choſen: for ſince in all humane reaſon, ſhe is not paſt child baring but may yet have a plentiful Iſſue; the ſobriety of the perſon may give me hopes of the Conſervation of my owne family and houſe, and not fruſtrate my Expectations with a baſtard Iſſue of another, the which I might really expect, if ſo be I ſhould meet with a young, robuſt, and frollick Laſs, which accounts her laciviouſneſs all the happineſs ſhe can enjoy in this world: Thus might I father the children which would be none of mine, by engrafting impious imps upon my ſtock; and be alſo a cover to a whore at beſt, by nouriſhing the of-ſpring of an unclean bed; all which I now avoid, without any future cauſe of fear. The ſecond end is *conſervatio ſanitatis*, the conſervation of health, which that it is alſo agreeable with this

divine nature is eaſily proved : for whoſoever deſtroys life, muſt firſt deſtroy the Concomitant thereof, which is health : for health is nothing but the being of Life, in its vigor : now the law ſaith thou ſhalt not Kill ; and it was ordained by God that *Moſes* ſhould lift up the brazen Serpent in the wilderneſs, that all thoſe whoſe health were impared by the ſtinging of the firey ſerpents, ſhould looke thereto and be healed : *Eliſha* cured *Naaman* the Aſſirian of his Leproſy ; and it was the practiſe of our Lord and his Diſciples to heal and cure the diſeaſed, and reſtore the ſick ; thus having by precept and Example cleared the end, I ſhall ſhew how it agrees with my purpoſe : in reſpect whereof, although I need ſay no more than what I have alreayd ſaid ; yet this naturally followes, that by having a ſober and honeſt woman, I avoid thoſe dangers, which otherwiſe I might fall into, by meeting with a wanton and Luxurious perſon : who beſides defileing her bed, might at one time or another meet with a reward anſwerable to her merrit, and be paid with the Pox inſtead of a gratuity, which to make me amends, ſhe might at next hand, give me as a token : But at Leaſt her youth and beauty (beſides that fire which her Eyes would kindle in the breaſt of a man, who is compoſed by nature more accurately for this purpoſe, than the Veſtal piles, which were laid for the Catching of the Sun beames) thoſe amorous geſticulations, and delightful blandiſhments, with which ſhe would allure me ; and thoſe Venereal delights with which moſt young women, do like *Eve*, enveigle and pamper their willing husbands, might poſſibly

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ſpur me on to a concupiſcence far beyond the now modeſty of my mind, or the intention of nature (which was to qualifie, and not to exaſperate the ardour of our Bloods) and the permiſſion of the Law of God: for he that makes proviſion for the fleſh, to fulfil the Luſts thereof, though he confine himſelf to the uſe of his owne natural wife, I take to be agroſs treſpaſſer againſt the Laws both of *Nature* and *Reaſon*: for he doth not only corrupt the natural end of Marriage, but ſins as much againſt his owne body, as the Epicure that wallowes in Adultery; *Omne nimium vertitur in vitium*, too much of one thing is good for nothing; and it is but a weake and ſlender apology; to ſay *the woman deceived me and I did eate*; Enough (the Proverb ſaith) is as good as a feaſt; and he that is not prompted more by the inſtigation of his ſtomack, than by the allurements of the things which are ſet before him; he that doth not eate more, to appeaſe his craving appetite, than to tickle and pleaſe his pallet; as he never ſhall have a good diſgeſtion, ſo he muſt needs have a craſie conſtitution: *Iejunium ſtomachus raro vulgaria temnit*; a belly ful is a belly ful; and being repleat, the robuſt plow-mans teeth, water not after the *Nectar* and *Ambroſia* of the Gods. For my part, I am ſo little indulgent to my owne pleaſure, that I wiſh I may never enjoy the ſweet ſociety of a female bed fellow, but when I am provoked more by *Scaligers* ſixth ſcence, than by all the other five: And I dare adventure odds on the woman's ſide, that though the ſnow on her head may qualify the heat of her blood, yet then ſhe will be able to abate the Calidity, and quel the Courage of a Brid-groom as

ſtout as *Hercules*. Thus the difference of the ſexes may be mixed by allowing Hors-mans law, (Inch and weight) adding the ponderoſity of years, for a clog to the ſtrength and activity of her luſt. But what may I ſay now to young women, to make them amends? ſhall I allow them young husbands? nay, muſt not I allow them odds in number, to counterpoiſe the advantage of their ſtrength? for let them be of what Nation, Kingdom, or Country ſoever, they are moſt of them Libidinous in Converſation, and will have *adjutores tori*, either by Wittalage or Cuckoldage: many young men are ſuch *Cully's* in the World, that they think their abilities, a match ſufficient for any of the female Gender: but ſhew me *Hector* himſelf, the ſtouteſt he that lives, who after a weeks repoſe in the boſom of a Luſty and youthful Beauty, will not ſay that he is become a *Victim* to *Venus*, and a *helpleſs Saint* under the alter of *Cupid*; as his waſted fleſh, extenuated Eyes, pendent Eares, and ſneaking behaviour may ſufficiently demonſtrate; whilſt ſhe like *Aurora* looks freſh, buckſome, plump, and lively; her Eyes makes bonefires, crowing and tryumphing for the *Victory*; baffling her Caſtrated Cavalier with ſtolen Kiſſes; he mean ſeaſon returning only a poor and dry ſalute, and that more to ſave his Credit, than ſerve his Love: And let who will try the experiment, I'l undertake after all this, they ſhall find her as ful as if ſhe had never been tap't. I might remind you of his anſwer (who was a renouned Soldier under the command and banner of *Venus*) which was made to King *Iames*, whereby he laid down the Cudgels to his Siſter; confeſſing himſelf nothing compared to her

her: which truth his Majeſty received without any wonder, for as much as he had experience already of the fortitude of women, in his owne Vertuous Lady; and with all confeſſed, that this was a Lawrel due alone to the female ſex. But I know this ſtory is not new to you, and therefore is tedious to me, for my fancy moves therein ſo far out of its own Element, that I am meerly drawn thereto by the tyrany of my will: I ſhall therefore conclude it, with the obſervations of him, who was once very expert in the Art of Loving.

Mollibus in pratis admugit fæmina tauro
Fæmina Cornipidi ſemper adhinnit equo:
Parcior in nobis, nec tam furioſa libido eſt;
Legitimum finem flamma virilis habet.

The third natural end of Marriage is *conſolatio vitæ*, the Conſolation of our lives through the mutual ſociety and enjoyment of each other; which to prove to be natural in this caſe is needleſs, ſeeing it was for that purpoſe only (*becauſe that the man was alone*) that God made him a help meet for him; I ſhall therefore immediatly ſhew, how my Intent is anſwerable to this end; and this end may be anſwered in my Intent; which when attained I will be bold to boaſt my ſelf (in this reſpect) the happieſt man living: for the gravity of her perſon, ſobriety of her humours, modeſty of her behaviour, diſcretion of her mind, and conſtancy of her affections, do ſo exactly fit my deſire, and anſwer my expectations, that I value not any thing in compariſon of her, and do eſteem her company and ſociety next

Heaven it ſelf: for as in that I muſt be happy in another life; ſo in her I am made happy in this; I looke upon her as an Earthly paradiſe, *Vita beata eſt conveniens naturæ ſuæ*, ſaith *Seneca*: let others ſquander away their time in viewing babies in the mirror of their Ladyes Eyes, and hang upon their Lipps, as if they Copulated by the mouth like Vipers; for my part I have quited theſe vain and childiſh dalliances, not worth the ſcorn of her, the unity of whoſe noble ſoul pleaſes me beyond the Capacity of common ſence: Her diſcourſe mixed with ſo much ſubmiſſion and modeſty, her words ſo few, but waighty; her deportment ſo courteous; and her actions ſo generous and noble, do all ſet themſelves in Battalia to encounter my affections; and have ſo much won upon me already, that I may not only confeſs my ſelf to have loſt much ground, but alſo that I am become her captive without redemption. If ſhe ſpeakes I am ſurpriſed; the very power of her Rhetorick is able to conquer the ſtouteſt heart: her words are like ſharp arrows, they peirce deep; in her deportment ſhe carries the trophies of Victory; upon all her actions is written Glory and Honour. But I muſt give a check to my pen, leſt I loſe my ſelf in the feild of her commendation: the greateſt and moſt that I can ſpeak in her praiſe is infinitly below her; the leaſt glance of her Eyes is powerful; her very brow commands the moſt imperious and ſcornful, yet with the greateſt humility imaginable; but why extend I thus far, to you who are a ſtranger to the happineſs of knowing her; ſure I am, you cannot do leſs, but judge theſe lines extravagancies, and read them (without difference) only as a Romance; but for a concluſion

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to this perticular let me tell you, what I have ſpoken of her is truth, which if it be not a matter of outward conſolation, I as yet know not what is, but ſhould be deſirous to learn; for herein we enjoy not only the Bodys, but alſo the Souls of one another; wherein as I enjoy her deareſt Love, with the greateſt Kindneſs a real heart can demonſtrate it withal; ſo I retaliate the ſame, with my entireſt and deareſt affection. Secondly *that it is not againſt Reaſon.*

You ſay, *that you cannot beleive that I, who have ſeen ſo many rare, excelent, and incomparable peices of nature; viewed them with ſo crittical an Eye; and ſet them forth with more than ordinary Commendations, ſhould now fix my affection upon one, whoſe face in all probability muſt needs looke like the trees which mourne in October.* To which ſir I anſwer, that it is a ſigne, you are ignorant indeed of her, whom you with ſo great a probability repreſent: for otherwiſe, you would confeſs it, ſo far from being a wonder, that I ſhould love her; that you would eſteem it nothing leſs than a miracle, if I ſhould not; or at leaſt count me either a mad man, or a foole for ſo doing: And I fear, I ſhould have of you as Jealous a Rival, as I have you now a faithful friend. I muſt confeſs I have loved to look upon handſome faces; yea and do ſtill, when I have the happineſs to meet with them: but it is all one to me whether they be made of Fleſh and Blood, or of Canvaſe and Paint; for that glory that reſults from the excelent ſymetry of the features, and the rare mixture and Location of Colours, is the ſame to me in the one as in the other; nay poſſibly I might have gon farther than the pleaſing

delight of the Eye I might have conceived a fancy for the perſon of a woman, by the ſurvey of her countenance: for Nature is in every man a Phyſiognomiſt, and calculates from the very ſuperficies and Liniaments of the face, that there is ſomthing in the diſpoſition of that ſpectackle, agreeable to the conſtitution and ſoul of the intentive ſpectator: and this agreeableneſs being the only cauſe of Love, the Eye doth affect the Heart, with a better liking of ſome perſons than of others; creating in us as it were a certain beleife, that thoſe things which are deſirable in the object, were *aborigine* made to compleat the fulneſs of our happineſs in this Life. The which if I ſhould ſtand to make appear I need goe no further than Experience and Hiſtory, wherein I may have almoſt as long a feild to trace, as is ſhaded by the circumvolution of the Cannopy of Heaven: but there is no need of that, your own reading can Inform you, infinitly beyond what my weake capacity, and clowded memory is able to ſignify. Thus we ſee in nature there is a love, and attractive quality, between things of the ſame ſpecies, or ſpirit: And that is the reaſon that a Horſe neighs after a Mare, but ſpurnes a Cow; that the Vine embraces the Elme, but Kills the Lawrell; that the Load-ſtone attracts Iron, but the Adamant reſtraines it; and that Jet will draw a wheat ſtraw to it, whilſt it is paſſive to all other things: Now if theſe things have by nature a faculty to affect, things agreeable to their nature (inaminate you ſee, as well as animate) why may not the like ardor and ſmypothetick quality be pregnant in man alſo (who hath a rational ſoul?) as well

well from the ſympathy of mind, as from the attractive power of nature? but that this is in man is evident; and it is as certain, that in the Countenance of a woman, there is to be ſeen thoſe tokens and characters, where by their ſympathy or Antipathy may eaſily be diſcerned: for nature (to uſe a Vulgar expreſſion) like the puppit playes on a ſtage, alwayes hangs out a ſmall Map of thoſe things which are to be found within; *Omnis motus animi ſuum quendam à natura habet vultum, & ſonum, & geſtum: totumque corpus hominis, & ejus omnis motus, omneſque voces, ut nervi in fidibus, ita ſonant, ut a motu animi ſunt pulſæ,* ſaith *Cicero in libro de Oratore*: and again in his book *de pet. con. Vultus eſt animi Ianua, & tabula*; And *Quintilian, dominatur Maximè Vultus, hoc amamus, hoc odimus, hoc plurima intelligimus.* But I never devoted my ſelf ſo far to the divinity of *Venus*, the moſt captivating beauty; but that when I have entred a little into their acquaintance, and found that thoſe good and ſympathetick Vertues which I found in their faces; wanted diſcretion, or Experience, or both to manage them; or have been corrupted by evil education, I have looked upon thoſe ſweet diſpoſitions, (whoſe company and ſolace would be enough to raviſh the Votaries of *Diana*) to be, not ſo good as an Image, picture or ſhadow; but rather as a painted ſepulcher, ful of nothing but Stink and Rottenneſs; more noyſom than the filth that flows from the mange of a gald Horſe back; upon which I cannot look without loathing. Thus I ſhake off my chaines, renounce my pleaſures, and abhorr the perſon much more than ever I admired the face. I could often

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be content to keep the frontiſpeice, when I never ſhall have a deſire to purchaſe the book, although at no dearer a price than a perpetual beleife and credit of the matter it containes. No Dear ſir, the love with which I will love a wife, ſhall not be the fancy of my Eye, but the delight of my Soul : I will not love her, becauſe ſhe is tranſendent to my ſight; but ſhe ſhall be tranſcendent, becauſe I love her. I am not ſomuch a Novice in the world, but that I have obſerved a little of the opperation of beauty; and I find that it is a thing ſo far from being deſirable for it ſelf only; that were a woman enriched, with all other deſirable qualities, that we could wiſh a wife to be endowed withal; and laſtly Crowned, even with the very perfection of beauty; I ſhould be more afraid of the deceitful ſnare of that beauty, than be in Love with the creature, for I have known ſome, which have met with ſuch as have been very excellent for their beauty, but after a while, they have repented them of their choiſe. For either they Loved their wives really, or elſe ſuperficially; (and that I am ſure for the ſweetneſs of their faces) if they have loved really, that Love hath been ſooner heated with the ſoultrineſs of the beames of his deareſt delight, that it became rank and corrupted; degenerating into intolerable jealouſy. And I may affirm, ſome with in my own Knowledge, (and I belive yours too) that have doated ſo far upon the beauty they had eſpouſed, that they have run hornmad at thoſe who have caſt but an amorous pleaſing glance of their Eyes, to the Idol they adore : though I dare ſay (if fair and honeſt be termes conſiſtant) they have found as cold a reception as ſparks

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of fire in the Ocean. If they have loved only ſuperficially, that paſſion is ſcarce worth your deriſion, nor can it any wayes be worthy the name of Love: for it is indeed but a Luſt, and though it ſtalk under the name of ardency, and deareſt affection, yet it is but a *Muſhrom* which ſprings up in a night, and as ſoon decaies again; a meer impoſture full of nothing but deluſions, ſpringing from meer ſenſuality at beſt. And beſides it is a thing ſo contrary to my nature, a thing that I ſo much hate, that I muſt needs diſcover the Hypocritical and knaviſh knack thereof, in four qualities, wherein contradicts the true love, to which I am a moſt zealous Votary. Firſt it is eminent but by fits, a meer diſtemper, a feaver only affecting the blood. Secondly, it is very ſhort lived, its beginning is its firſt ſtep towards its concluſion or end. Thirdly, it is ſubject to many fatal accidents, during that momentary being. Fourthly, when it terminates it leaves a moſt fætid ſent behind it, a hatred and loathing much exceeding my capacity to expreſs.

As to the firſt, I ſay it is emminent but by fits, a kind of feaveriſh diſtemper, ariſing from heats and colds As long as there is luſt for the beauty to work upon; its rayes like the Sun beams, vivifies and actuates it, *Sed poſt libidinum Evaporata momenta*, when the little oyl is exhauſted, the Idol ſo much adored, is as much deſpiſed and loathed: and ſo it continues, till their Laſcivious bodys are repleat again and filled profuſly with new delicacies, *Sine Cerere & Bacchofriget Venus*, this love will dye and be frozen if not fed and pampered with the delights of *Ceres* and *Bacchus*. I infinitely approve of that Law of *Seleucw*,

that Adulterers ſhould have both their eyes put out, for being acceſſary to ſuch unlawful flames: for our eyes are thoſe burning glaſſes that contract the Fluviums or rayes of beauty, (which are innocent enough in themſelves) and inflame thoſe ſulpherous vapours in our bodies, which like the *Ignis fatuus* mount at firſt as if they had beſpoke an habitation in Heaven, where they intended to dwell and ſhine like fixed ſtars of the firſt magnitude; love conſtant and fixed for ever: but the matter not being able to deal with the fire, their ſpirits fail them, and they are forc'd (like the Gyant in the Fable) to ſmell to the earth for a new ſupply. Theſe eye-lovers are like unfortunate Gameſters, they vaunt and ſwagger, and throw at all, whilſt they have the *Quodlibet* in their pockets; but when that is loſt, they curſe their ſtars, eate the boxes, burn the Dice, forſwear the houſe, and it may be ſneak home with a crackt crown; they hang their ears like a dog that hath loſt his tail, till ſuch time as they have reimburſed their empty purſes again. And truly ſir, theſe lovers (though otherwiſe never ſo zealous) can love when they pleaſe, and when they pleaſe they can hate; the preſence of the object is the foundation of their love; and their firm perſuaſion and beleif of the lawfulneſs of doing all things, is that which enkindles their luſt, which when anſwered in the fulneſs of their deſire, terminates their love and affections. Thus they extend their kindneſs according to the diverſity of time and place, another is as much the object of their love as the former, the preſence of the creature is all that is eſtimated, thereby making good the common Proverb, out of ſight out of mind: no longer ſee, no lon-

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ger love, the fit comes as often as the matter which cauſes it returns, which if taken away, or diverted to another courſe, the cure of love comes ſpeedily on; and indeed it is now a great remedy in our dayes; a medicament which *Ovid* never dreamed of. Theſe men account it a very great happineſs that ſeeing love cannot be cured by herbs, they have now found out another way: Thus ſince they are become maſters of the Art, they account it wholeſome to have a fit now and then, leſt by their continual freedome therefrom, they ſhould become ſlaves to liberty, a thing which they as really hate, as a dog loves Mutton. Secondly this mock-love, as it hath but a ſickly, ſo it hath but a ſhort life; for it will not be long before the Extravagant youth will have ſowed his wild oates, and have reduced his ſuperfluous and peccant moiſture into a little *humidum Radicale*. A Merchant may receive a foil, from the firſt ſhipwrack or two; and by his induſtry, ſtrength of the main ſtock, or help of good friends (which were born before him) prop up his trembling and tottering credit, but many miſadventures will bankrupt his very hopes, and bring him ſo far onwards to deſpair, as to drive him to crouch into the miſerable ſanctuary of a broker: If he takes not the Kings Bench or the Fleet for his Mannor houſe; the good man either makes day of night and walks by owles light anſwering every one that ſpeakes to him by an Interpreter, or elſe takes a long journey for recreation ſake, to view his country pallace. This kind of love is like the *Bonarrets* in *Scythya*, they ſeem to be like living beaſts, by their eyes, noſes and mouthes, but when they have devoured that modicum of ſuſtenance which hath thitherto

ſupported and ſuſtained them; by their facetous fading away, they ſatisfy the deluded world, that they are nothing but *Muſhroms*. This love if it had the power of Living long, yet it would dye ſoon, becauſe it would ſoon be weary of living: for it being only a delectation of the heart, by the agreeableneſs of the object to ſence; when the ſence grows familiar to the object, that familiarity will breed contempt, and the ſence will be glutted with ſomuch of the ſame, that it will not at all affect the heart, unleſs it be with loathing and deteſtation. The Scriptures ſay, the Eye is not ſatisfied with ſeeing, nor the Eare with hearing (I ſuppoſe not only of one and the ſame thing, but alſo of Variety of Objects.) That thing which at firſt being new and pleaſant, doth tickle and delight the ſences, yet oft repeated doth trouble and oppreſs them. There muſt be variety as well as congruity to pleaſe the fancy, and make the Entertainment acceptable. In *Æthiopia* where there are nothing but Blacks, a White is in great eſtimation, he is a ſpectakle of admiration to all, but amongſt us, where there is nothing elſe, there is no one concern'd at the ſight, (unleſs it is ſome *Amorreto* at the appearance of his Dallilah.) The benumned *Muſcovites* (after an half years night) run up to the tops of the mountaines, as if they would meet the Sun half way; welcoming his harbingers with Songs and Sacrifizes; but with us it is neither obſerved nor admired, but totally neglected, as if we were wholly unconcern'd with its beauty, or influence: And the reaſon is, becauſe, though it is the moſt glorious and uſeful of all Gods creatures, yet it is aſſiduous and familiar with us. Who can

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endure to hear a tale twice told, or who having purchaſed a book, and ſatisfied himſelf with reading of it, doth not wiſh the book where it was, and he his money again? The rarity of a flower may tempt us to gather it, but being nipt from the ſtock, its Glory periſhes, its beauty and fragrancy vaniſhes, and its vertue decayes; after which we diſeſteem it, and trample it under foot, as a trifle not worth our looking on, much leſs our ſtooping for. The body may quickly fail the mind, the mind the deſire, the deſire the ſatisfaction, and all the man. Thirdly, this love is ſubject to many changes and diſaſters, to many dangerous accidents, in regard it derives its being principally from the object, and is terminated thereby, as well in time as meaſure; *ſublatâ cauſâ tollitur effectus*: and how can that object which is the cauſe thereof, have any fixity or certain continued manifeſtation which ſo many inexorable ἀτροποι are continually watching to devour. Firſt *Death* may be reſolved to lay his cold and icy hands upon it, and where he touches he certainly blaſts; the time of whoſe coming is as uncertain, as it is certain that he will come; whoſe power when he doth come is unreſiſtable: he ſpares none whom he hath a mind to devoure; he hath no kindneſs more for a beauty, than for another; he neither conſiders, the prime of their years, their youth, or that they may be in the flower and ſtrength of their age, in the mideſt of their happineſs and delights, whilſt they are ſurfeiting with the fulneſs of their pleaſures; he hearkens not to the tears of Father or Mother, Brother or Siſter, or to the intreaty of Friends; he hath no reſpect to antiquity, nor pitty for poor decriped old age, but

when he reſolves to come he will not be denyed, making his ſeiſure whether it be on yound or old, rich or poor, bond or free, male or female, high or low, from the Prince upon the Throne, to the Begger upon the Dung-hill, without any reverence or mercy to Age, Strength, Sex or Quality. Secondly, Sickneſs that may come, and then the beauty fades away with it, and its ſeeming Luſture vaniſhes it may be with an irreparable privation; like a flower breathed upon by a rude or harſh ſalute of *Boreas*. I have known a perſon who hath pretended an Extaſie of Paſſion for a woman (and it may be not without ground too) but when the Small-pox had deflowered the virginity of her beauty, and had a little battered the market-place; Behold! he ſlyly ſhrunk away, like a cheate in the Pillary (I ſuppoſe for ſhame of his treachery) thereby betraying the falſneſs of his heart; whoſe diſſembling love, could no longer lye undiſcovered, becauſe the vail which ſhaded it was taken away. Thirdly, if it have a protection from theſe, yet age will come which findes out face, though obſcured in the moſt ſecret and retired places; *Damnoſa quid non iminuit dies*, if neither Death nor Sickneſs blemiſh, yet this caterpiller *Time*, will be ſure to devoure it: *Omnia tempus edax depaſcitur, omnia carpit nil finit eſſe diu*; Time will dig a grave for this expiring love, even in thoſe adored beds of Roſes, thoſe ſplendid Lillys; thoſe orient Eyes will ſink in to their Sockets, and leave ghaſtly holes to bury it in. A ſtrong and beautiful building, may eſcape the fury of fire, or the Violence of mens hands, in pulling of it down or hurting of it; but devouring Antiquity it cannot eſcape,

eſcape, whoſe fury inſenſibly makes it not only look rough and rude, defacing the ſtatues thereof, not ſcarcely leaving the reſemblance of what they once were, but alſo leaves it to the cruelty of a mercileſs fall; by which, long before its ultimate ruine drawes near, it is totally forſaken by every one. A glorious flower may eſcape the cruelty of the Northen blaſts, and begg a repreive from the hand which is ſtretched out on purpoſe to cut it off; but horrid old Winter will not be diſapointed, either to ſpare its beauty, or oblige its mutable ſpectators.

Fourthly, this love when it ends leaves a ſtink and loathing behind it; the man is hartily ſorry that ever he was ſuch a ſlave to beauty; or that he ſhould ſo much doat upon that which (now he really conſiders with himſelf) is ſo little worth his looking on, much leſs his love; he now begins to loath himſelf, for loving, yea for touching a thing ſo execrable, as that which he once was bound to in fetters; and the very memory thereof is as hateful to him as ever the (now accounted abominable) object was lovly in his Eye.

Now the effects of this love is manifeſt, either firſt in open hatred againſt the perſon of the creature, its qualities or actions; or elſe lies in obſcurity, as under a vail, in ſecret enmity, conceived from the unconſtancy and falſeneſs of its own heart; It is commonly ſaid that love is blind and hides a multitude of faults, and truly ſo it is with the generallity of Lovers in our age; for where affection is once conceived (although there be not the leaſt reaſon for it) the leaſt heat or warmth (occaſioned from the kind reception thereof in the heart of the perſon affected)

cauſeth

cauſeth it to flowriſh without meaſure, and of a mole hil, creates a Mountain: let the perſon be what it will, either deformed in its parts, as lame, or blind, deaf or dumb; let them be crook backt, hunch ſhoulddred, as ſlender in the waſt as a cow is in the midle, flat noſed, platter faced, as tawny as a *More*, their teeth diſtorted, rotten, or worn out with Diſeaſes; breath as ſweat as a houſe of office, with a thouſand more faults than I can enumerate; yet this is ſhe that he loves, that he ſo dearly affects, his joy, delight and conſolation; *Cynthia* could never be more enamoured on her *Endymion*, then this is of his deareſt Lady, he eſteems all things nothing in compariſon of her; ſhe is above all value; and although he can ſee as well as the *Lynx*, and hath the uſe of both his eyes as well as any man living, yet he can find no fault at all in her though all the town knows well enough that ſhe hath had a little one already.) Nor can he ſee in the leaſt any of the defects which we have recited, although they infinitely exceed all that can be expreſſed by words: her ſtinking breath (more fætid than the Sulpherous vapors of the Stygian Lake) ſeems to him more ſweet than either Muſk or Ambergrieſe; he cannot eat, drink, or do any thing without her, whatſoever he hath, ſhe muſt have a part of it; yea and was he a King, ſhe, and ſhe only ſhould be his Queen; he eſteems all women nothing in compariſon of her, and *Venus* her ſelf muſt alſo vail to her beauty: Thus blind is this fond zeal, that it cannot ſee even thoſe things which are moſt apparent to the eye; all her qualities he judges divine, becauſe ſhe can lye and diſſemble, fawn and flatter, ſhe is the admirableſt creature in the world; to ſwear and forſwear,

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he accounts in her for a mark of Gallantry; to ſmoak and drink as excellent Education; Couzening, Cheating, and Purloyning, to the excellency and nimbleneſs of her wit, wherein he conceives ſhe exceeds moſt women living: But on the contrary we will ſuppoſe her to be Diametrically oppoſite to what we have already decyphered, fairer than *Venus*, Chaſt as *Diana*, Conſtant as *Penelope*, and adorned with all other vertues which may make a woman Excellent; yet a little diſtaſt, an angry word, a wry look, or ſome other very ſmall thing, which nothing but a miſtruſtful mind, and a jealous pate, is able to diſcerne, ſhall preſently create a difference, and make a breach wider than the Ocean it ſelf; in which all the love, affections, and preconceived good opinions are irrecoverably ſwallowed up: the man that before was blind and could ſee no defects in his Idol, can now ſee all, and a thouſand more than ſhe hath: yea ſhe who is really beautyful indeed, and whoſe vertues tranſcend all that a mortall is able to conceive, is now become Odious, Hatefull and Baſe: her beauty he contemnes, and blames the imbicility of his judgement for not diſcerning; and by making compariſons with others, he prefers a Kitchin-wench before her, (one perhaps which even in the judgement of truth it ſelf, falls as infinitly below her as a Pumice-ſtone doth a Diamond.)

Her vertues he termes vices; her good Intentions, Diſſimulations; and all her actions though never ſo Juſt and Upright, Deceitfull and Wicked: her Words he accounts as Snares; and the Glancing of her Eyes, he as carefully avoids as the Poyſon of a *Bazalisk*. Thus all things are rendred oppoſite,

and the ſweet perfume of the Sacrifize once offered, is now openly become ſtinking and loathſome, and likely to abide ſo *in ſecula*. The ſame likewiſe, in perſons more diſcreet than the former, where the difference may not break out ſo publickly, by reaſon there is no plauſible arguments to excuſe the thing to the world; being occaſioned either from the ſmalneſs of the womans portion; or the appearance of a new object, much exceeding the old; or elſe the impoſſibility of accompliſhing of the thing deſired: for this love, being grounded upon ſomething of profit to it ſelf; decayes immediately, if either its expectation is fruſtrated in the one, or incouraged in the other. Thus ſelf intereſt is the only Hing upon which it turnes; if that be loſt, farewell Love, and farewell the thing beloved. Love built upon theſe termes, may be compared to a Merchants whole Eſtate, whoſe All is adventured in one Veſſel; if the Veſſel be caſt a way, or ſuffer Ship-wrack, all is loſt, and the Merchant undone; and ſo it is in this Caſe, if any miſchance come, before the deſired return, Love is forced to ſuffer a totall diſſolution; and he or ſhe that truſted to it will be found the loſer.

But far diſtant from this is the true Love, for that is like the needle in the Marriners Compaſs, conſtantly pointing towards its Poles, though the raging Ocean gape to devoure it, and though Contagious Clouds eclipſe the glory of its beloved. Thus I have ſhown you how dangerous it is to match with her which excells in Beauty, though I have allowed her to have other qualities ſufficient to kindle the fire, and her beauty only to blow the Coals. But

I muſt tell you, it is a novelty that will hardly be matched in *John Tradeskins* rarities; *Adeo rara eſt concordia formæ atque pudicitiæ*; It is a rare thing to ſee honeſty to goe a long with beauty. And now you muſt needs fancy, how I hug my ſelf in the ſence of my own happineſs, that have fixed my affections upon a perſon that is not ſo beautyfull in the Vulgar acceptation, as ſhe is in the tranſcendent perfections of her mind. There ſhe is fair and beautyfull indeed; which were thoſe excellencies as viſible, as is her outward appearance, Princes and Nobles, would be my Rivalls. You that know by experience what Vertue is, I dare ſay take more ſatisfaction, in the enjoyment of your own vertues, than in the fooliſh and triviall pomps and pleaſures of the vain glorious World. And I that can boaſt of no other but a little Innocency, and love to vertue, *Mea virtute me involveo*, do hug my ſelf in my own down, and would not change fortunes with *Alexander* the Great (by whom the world was once Conquered) Nor yet with *Mahomet* for his Senſual Paradice. O how rich then ſhall I become, when I can claime as good a title to her vertues as to my own: But I fear, that in the accumulation of thoſe Eminent and Illuſtrious Tranſcendencies, I ſhall loſe my little ſpark of humility, by being tranſported with the Gloryes of my Empire. *Ipſam ex virtute virtutem peto quæ nihil eſt melius ipſa pretium ſui eſt, immo ſummum bonum eſt infragilis animi vigor, & providentia, & ſubtilitas, & ſanitas, & libertas Concordia & decor*: for my part, my deſign is, to lay my ſelf out in a diligent and induſtrious life, and not to indulge my ſelf in carnal pleaſures: to me it is a greater pleaſure to contemne ſuch delights, than to

enjoy them; for it is a Vulgar and Vitious thing, inconsistent with Wisdom and Vertue: *Voluptas etiam ad vitam turpissimam venit, & infælices quidam, non sine Voluptate immo ob ipsam voluptatem sunt voluptas inutile, servile, imbicillum, Caducum, &c.* Dixit Seneca: truly if it be rightly considred, it is much below the stoop of a rationall creature, and is so far from contributing to his felicity, that it renders him the more miserable: for it sensibly corrupts his mind, vanishes in a moment, and leaves him more unsatisfied than if he had never known it. *Habet hoc voluptas omnis* (sayes Horace) *Stimulis agit fruentes, apiumque par volantium, ubi grata mella fudit, fugit, & minis tenaci ferit ista corda Morsu:* But Dear sir, exercise the Vertue of your patience in viewing the tediousness and impertinency of my discourse; I confess I am so incumbred with this pedantick stuffing in the head, that I lay down these fragments of Latin, rather to empty my brain of this rubbish of the Schools, than out of any finical design for adornation of my stile, for I know nothing is more out of fashion, than this Babilonish confusion of tongues. And yet I think you will excuse me for dressing my mind in the language of those learned Authors, to save you from my own harsh and unpolished translation; for I must humbly acknowledge, that both my mind and my pen, have been so little used to these soft and feminine subjects; that when I have occasion to treat of them, I want both words to express my sence, and sence to express my words. Now if it be a sin to doubt of your Charity to pardon or forgive, what I have here done to serve you; I shall then presume upon your patience, and as I have hitherto argued negatively,

gatively, to ſhew you that the youth and beauty your affections could have wiſhed me, would not in any probability, have Contributed ſo much to my fælicity, as this deareſt Creature, whom I have made my choiſe, and one whom (my reaſon alſo tells me) *I* ought to fix my love. *I* ſhall now endeavour to ſhew you poſitively that in Common reaſon and prudence it is moſt proper, for a young man to marry a woman endowed with a larger ſtock of years than himſelf: And becauſe the Poet admoniſhes me, *breve ſit quod turpiter audes*, that which *I* know before hand *I* can not do well, *I* will do ſo well as to be ſhort in doing of it: for youth to marry youth, what is it in nature but to add fuell to fire; to ſet a Giddy and Unexperienced *Phaeton* to guide the flaming Steeds of *Phœbus*? it is an old Proverb among horſmen, an old Horſe to a young Man, and an old Man to a young Horſe, (which if ſo be, it can not be meant old in years it muſt certainly then be underſtood old in experience:) that the ſtaiedneſs and ſobriety of the old Horſe may prevent the precipitency and raſhneſs of the young Man; and the diſcretion and moderation of the old Man, may correct the Fury and Wildneſs of the young Horſe: And thus we chaſtiſe the God of Wine with Water; Eights in Muſick make a ſweeter harmony than Vniſons; age and youth in conſort, compoſe the moſt mellodious quire. The Romans were a people no leſs pollitick than puiſſant, and they uſed to chooſe for their Conſuls, one who was Eminent for Wiſdom and Gravity, (which are the properties of age,) and another which was Valient, Active and Hardy (which are the Qualities of youth:) that ſo the one might furniſh the Common

Wealth with Eyes, the other with Hands; thus they wedded contemplation with action; and by a contexture of ages, made up the truly Valient General, adding the Foxes Case to the Lyons Skin.

For my part *I* am but of yesterday and know nothing, raw, and unexpert in the affaires of the World; and if I should adventure to lanch out, into the stormy Ocean without the Conduct of a skilful Pilot, *I* should not escape those Sands, and Rocks which I see not; there is no safety without the conduct of prudence; and who so ever trusts his all upon the miserable experience of Nescience, deserves to be undon: There are some which are so Valient and fool hardy, that they esteem nothing honourable but what they atchive with the hazard of their lives; and think, those actions only to be Glorious which none else dares attempt besides themselves; though at last they may account all their fortunacy rather to the good hand of providence than either to their Wit or Courage, And now though *I* intend to be as absolute a Monarch in my little Æconomical Kingdom, as the severest Tyrant in the World; yet like an Infant Prince I implore the assistance of her experienced age, whom *I* choose to be my protectoress and Guardian: Thus do I intend to lay the Reins in her hand, to love her as my *Bonus Genius*, and to consult her as my Oracle, not doubting of success in the end, having her infalible direction in the use of the meanes. Thus in marrying her I marry happiness; not the stoical happiness, of *Contentment with a little*, but *with much*, even whatsoever I can wish for, within the power of wisdom and pollicy; but I promised to be short, and therefore will hast on towards

wards a concluſion, having now ſhewn you the naturalneſs and reaſonableneſs of my intended marriage I am not hurried to it upon the wheels of paſſion as many men are; yet I doubt not, but to enjoy more real comfort and conſtant ſatisfaction, than all the Ranting Amorets in the World. For my love muſt needs be of longer continuance, and greater conſtancy, (being an affection of my mind, eſtabliſhed upon the fixed and firm foundation of Nature and Reaſon) than theirs, which is but a paſſion ſtirred up by the Intergeticall faculty or vertue of ſome fading vanity, it may be beauty, or ſome ſuch like fooliſh bauble. But whether do I wander! ſeducing your fancy, from your more weighty concernments, to attend my childiſh animadverſions? the unſuitableneſs of which entertainment, may render the time ſpent in the reading thereof, tedious to you: yet I hope I am not altogether inexcuſable becauſe my treſpaſs or offence, hath been accompanied with an ambition to ſerve you; and with the ſame deſire, I have cut it as ſhort as I could poſſibly (to give you the ſence of my mind) knowing that ſervices well intended, and ill performed, have a fault, which may be ſhaded with forgivneſs; which (if it be your goodneſs to beſtow on this of mine) let me expreſs my gratitude, or (if not) let me expiate my Guilt, by obeying your Commands, in ſomthing within the narrow Capacity of.

Sir,

Your Humble and Faithfull Servant. A. B.

Grays Inn, London.
29. Sept. 1671.